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The Classical Bulletin

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No. 3

Aeneas—Epic Hero True or False?

It has been said that Vergil was unfortunate in his choice when from the galaxy of conceivable heroes he chose Aeneas for his protagonist. The courtly manners of the hero are urged in support of this view: he is too polished, we are told, and has too little of that rude simplicity and virile boldness which are said to be essential to the heroic mould. It would be hard to deny that the air of the court hovers over poem and hero. The verses move with a stateliness suggestive of the long flowing toga, and we seem to discover a celestial *incessus* in the footfalls of many of the characters. There is less of Homeric vigor about the hero and his company than Attic-minded critics may desire; and to one who sees him depicted against the background of the old Homeric spirit, Aeneas is, all in all, less the traditional hero than Achilles or Diomedes.

But what we may contest is the statement that Aeneas lacks manliness, without which a true hero is unthinkable, or that the maturity and sobriety which he displays as a general rule detract from his effectiveness as an epic hero. The disagreement among critics arises from the use of different standards of interpretation. We may judge Aeneas by the touchstone of Achillean ruggedness, and then he cannot hope to stand the test; or we may apply a very different sort of standard, and then—though there are very marked discrepancies between the pagan Aeneas and the ideal of a later culture—we may find that somehow we are nearer a true estimate. After all, it is not a question of what sort of hero we should select were we to write an epic based on the Trojan war, but whether Vergil, writing in the noontide of Augustan splendor, was obliged to delineate his hero conformably to the standard set by Homer. Whatever definition of epic poetry we prefer, we cannot deny that the concept of epic heroicity admits of a national coloring. Heroes are the great men of their nation, and as nations differ, so must their heroes. Aeneas' character reflects the poet's taste and the spirit of the age in which Augustus ruled the world. We cannot, surely, maintain that titanic defiance of the gods, not uncommon in Homer's heroes, is of the essence of the heroic, or that Vergil was bound to represent his hero more like a viking than like a gentleman.

Toward the middle of the first book of the Aeneid the soldiers give us a description of Aeneas which epitomizes his character. They have lost him, and come at length to the court of Queen Dido. At her question they speak in words that are startling and almost dissonant on the lips of warriors speaking of a fellow warrior:

Rex erat Aeneas nobis, quo iustior alter
nec pietate fuit, nec bello maior et armis (I, 545-546).

Thus, in two pregnant lines, they sum up their description of the captain. This hero excels all, not merely in valor, but in *pietas*. The reference to valor we can appreciate well enough, in fact we expect it; but this second note of "piety," when had it been struck before? There is the touching scene where Hector laid aside his helmet to receive his infant son, where Andromache laughed amid her tears, and where there are tears in the very lines describing it. Other instances might be cited. But we wonder whether anyone would ascribe *pietas* to Hector in the fulness with which Fr. Knox predicates it of Aeneas, translating it as filial affection, religious devotion, faithfulness to the dead, thoughtfulness for one's friends, and the broadmindedness of a great man—a list of qualities to which Saint-Beuve would add pity, and piety in the religious sense. In Vergil's mind, at least, there was no doubt. He gives us the testimony of Diomedes that, *ceteris paribus*, Hector could not match the virtue of Aeneas:

Ambo animis, ambo insignes praestantibus armis;
hic pietate prior. (XI, 291-292).

Here there is no question as to the distinguishing mark which Vergil chose for his chief. Later on in the story, near the close of the Latium campaign, he will make Aeneas say to the ambassadors who have come to propose a burial truce:

Pacem me exanimis et Martis sorte peremptis
oratis! equidem et vivis concedere vellem (XI, 110-111).

Strange speech for an epic hero! Was not this the place for threats against Latium, and for a long recital of his own deeds of valor? Instead, he is sorry they do not ask a truce for the living as well. Once more he is *insignis pietate vir*, never wholly uncontrolled or savage, bent upon the extermination of his foe. There is something magnanimous about the man, and he must have been an inspiration to Roman men who sighed for the *tempus actum* when Cincinnatus or the Gracchi brought honor and self-sacrifice to the care of public affairs.

It is unexampled piety that governs the hero's relations with the deities. Before we end, we shall consider a striking instance of his obedience to heaven; here we may note the frequency with which religious observance and submission to destiny motivate his actions, or control the development of the poem. At every point of the voyage it is the divine will that urges Aeneas

on and makes the bitter journey more bearable. When he is nearly broken in spirit by the burning of the fleet and the treachery of his people on the coast of Sicily, Nautes' reminder of their divine mission heartens him:

Nate dea, quo fata trahunt, retrahuntque, sequamur;
quidquid erit, superanda omnis fortuna ferendo est
(V, 709-710).

Later, in Latium, his only apology for coming, and the thought that gives strength to his arm, is that the gods, or the Fates, will it. As he tells the inhabitants:

Nec veni, nisi fata locum sedemque dedissent (XI, 112).

From the gods he must have learned the wisdom of relative values which he bequeaths to Ascanius in these famous lines:

Disce, puer, virtutem ex me verumque laborem,
fortunam ex aliis. (XII, 435-436).

Certainly, it is a Roman speaking. With good cause we may wonder at this man, and cry with Drances:

Iustitiaene prius mirer, belline laborem? (XI, 126),

and, as we read on in the poem, come more and more to believe that the critic who declared the Aeneid a religious epic which cannot be adequately understood in any other sense was, after all, very near the truth. But is justice part of an epic character? you ask. Does it recommend Aeneas as an epic hero?

With all his faults, Aeneas is a true hero, but one fashioned like the knight of a later day. Though his features are sketched broadly, we are left with certain very definite impressions of his character. He is magnanimous, keenly sensitive to the sufferings of his people, courageous enough to bear the loss of wife and homeland, and to set out on a long, laborious voyage to fulfill a divine command. He is strong in battle, yet high-minded in a manner that saves him from the brutalities of a Homeric combat. And though we may prefer blood and thunder in our epics, and even be so bellicose as to cry with Malcolm against Duncan:

The king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them—,

yet we must agree that Malcolm brands himself rather than his father, and that Aeneas fulfills the definition of a hero—a man who bears the hopes and cares of his people. We pause over him a while, and that strange nobility of soul which our own culture has taught us to prize, wins upon us. Gradually we come to realize why it was that men of the Middle Ages spoke of Aeneas with reverence, or why staid and discerning critics of the past century could find no truer counterpart of the hero than St. Louis of France or Godfrey of Bouillon. If any confirmation is needed for this view, the fourth Aeneid will give it. There is of course much that is un-heroic in that tragic episode, but the final solution which Aeneas adopts in his predicament stamps him a hero. To say that he lacked chivalry is to miss the real point at issue.

The story is briefly told. The Trojan, fallen from virtue, has forgotten his mission and is living at Carthage with the Queen. Months pass before Mercury comes to recall him to a sense of his high destiny. Aeneas is startled from his sloth: he prepares to leave the Tyrian court and set out once more upon his dreary journey. Kindly and graciously he tells Dido that a higher duty summons him and that he must depart:

Sed nunc Italiam magnam Gryneus Apollo,
Italiam Lyciae iussere capessere sortes:
hic amor, haec patria est (IV, 345 ff.).

Whatever might be his inclination to do, had fate vouchsafed him at his own free will to shape life's course, he must depart:

Desine meque tuis incendere teque querelis:
Italiam non sponte sequor (IV, 360-361).

The Queen, however, sees nothing but downright villainy in his act, and flies from him in a fit of passion. And here, surely, Aeneas is not unmoved, not dispassionately contemptible. We find him weeping in silence after Dido has left him, like a man who brings news of death to a family, grieving at his own loss and at the sorrow he brings to others:

At pius Aeneas, quamquam lenire dolentem
solando cupit et dietis avertere curas,
multa gemens magnoque animu labefactus amore,
iussa tamen divum exsequitur, classemque revisit.
(IV, 393 ff.)

Keenly alive to the attractiveness of a life of his own choosing, he is determined to serve a higher law and to sail for Italy. Amid the turmoil of mind and heart

Mens immota manet; lacrimae volvuntur inanes (449).

If it be true that it is heroism to sacrifice one's all in following a call one believes divine, that it is a nobler thing to conquer self than to conquer Latium, then Aeneas is cleared of cowardice and unmanliness. There is no question here of deserting a lawful wife. Aeneas has fallen from virtue, in—we might almost say—true epic fashion, for what Homeric hero has not his weaknesses? But Aeneas rises to moral heroism, and thus becomes a man in whom a Christian reader must see a sympathetic character. We see the justice of Boissier's encomium upon Vergil for having seen, through the veil of the pagan, the right values of love and duty. The poet saw farther than he knew.

In brief, Aeneas is an epic hero whose heroicity is moral rather than physical. He has his faults and sinks again and again under the immense burden of the destiny laid upon him by the will of the gods; but he invariably rises again until, after being tried in the furnace of suffering, we see him emerge in the latter half of the Aeneid a true Roman, *iustum et tenacem propositi virum*.

St. Louis, Mo.

GERARD GRANT, S. J.

The ancient Greek can speak modern English only haltingly; to speak with him we must, if possible, learn his language.—W. C. Greene

Fair as a Star

Doubtless, the reader has at some time associated in his own mind the two following short similes, taken from poets widely separated in time, but perhaps not so widely in community of genius.

ἀλίγμον ἀστέρι καλῶ

*Fair as a star when only one
Is shining in the sky.*

As to the first, I am inclined to think that Homer is greater here than in his longer similes. In the latter his very richness and willfulness, one might say, carry the reader away; his rapidity and consummate skill in narration produce a sort of imaginative exhilaration, and attain, furthermore, the desired "epic" effect. However, the so-called Homeric similes are really stories, action-pictures, in which there is little attempt to apply the simile in detail. In such a phrase as that under consideration we have the imagination at its best. The figure springs out upon us, as it were, and in an instant carries us away—ecstatically, if we are in the proper mood; it reveals hidden relations of nature with the spirit; it interprets nature for man; it reveals "the dearest freshness deep down things"; it is imagination working at its highest capacity.

The same can be said for Wordsworth's simile which we have quoted above. But the two have been paralleled for a further reason: the similarity of artistry. It will be noticed that in both cases the image is set before the reader without comment, distinctly, simply, clearly, objectively; and immediately upon reading, the effect is produced. The image in either case needs no interpretation; it appeals to the universal imagination of man immediately. Homer always works in this manner, Wordsworth only sometimes; but when he does, he is at his best. The reason for this seems to be that objectivity—and the Greeks always realized this—is a principle of good art, a principle which moderns too often neglect. We, in our inwardness and introspection frequently lose sight of the fact that the appeal of art is directly to the senses and through them to the emotions; so that if the art object is clearly and strongly enough conceived and presented, there will be no need of lengthy interpretation; the artist will not need to stand before us, telling us how much this scene has meant to him, how it has affected him, and so starting the tears aflowing. But let it be noted that objectivity of conception and presentation is not incompatible with profound imaginative insight into nature (that is, nature as viewed apart from man), an element which we hold to be so important in art, and which we sometimes hear it said, quite incorrectly, the Greeks did not possess.

Florissant, Mo.

CHARLES A. COLLIER, S. J.

It is impossible to judge a literature by its originality alone, without condemning much that is best in our modern literatures more severely than we condemn the Augustan poets.—*F. W. H. Myers*

Question Box

Q.—Will you kindly explain the difference in value between *quia* and causal *cum* in Latin, and the corresponding difference between their respective English equivalents, *because* and *since*?
W.

ANS.—The distinction between *since* and *because* in English is chiefly a difference in connotation. *Because* introduces a clause which expresses the objective reason for the truth of the main statement, e. g. Iron sinks in water because it is heavier than water. *Since*, on the other hand expresses the relationship in a more subjective way. It implies a reasoning process. Hence the sentence: Since iron is heavier than water it will always sink, may be paraphrased as follows: You know that iron is heavier than water. As a consequence of this you are ready to accept the fact that it will sink.

The word *since* is etymologically related to the German word *seitdem*, and comes from an Anglo-Saxon word which meant *later* or *after*. The above sentence, therefore, is equivalent to: After you have accepted the fact that iron is heavier than water, you are ready to believe that it will sink.

The Latin causal *cum* is a development of temporal *cum*. The Latin conception of the above sentence would be: When (you know that) iron is heavier than water (you know that), it sinks. *Cum* actually expresses only a temporal relationship, leaving the idea of causality to be supplied by the mind. This *saltus logicus* would seem to be best accounted for if we think of the time relation as existing not so much between the two objective facts as between the two concepts of those facts. The use of the subjunctive mood with causal *cum* is, therefore, quite in keeping with the conceptual nature of the clause introduced by that particle.

The subjective nature of *since* is well illustrated by the fact that it may often be replaced by the expression *seeing that*, e. g., Seeing that they could not take the fort, the enemy withdrew.
O.

The importance, now generally recognized, of physical science as the right means of training for some, perhaps for many minds, is the great educational fact of today. My opinion is of very little value in this matter. But I may perhaps say that I have no faith in a little science taught in classical schools, or a little Latin taught in scientific schools. I look forward to a time when the modern and the classical types of school shall be so separated as to ensure in each a training as thorough in its kind as was the best classical education of forty or fifty years ago. In the classical schools I would have the education as complete, as wide, and as simple as possible, so as to serve as a solid basis for future study, either in literature proper, or in history and philosophy.—*Nettleship* (in 1889)

In Latin you have a language which may be thin in its vocabulary and inelastic for modern use; but a language which at all events compels a man to clear his thought and communicate it to other men precisely.—*Quiller-Couch*

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Editorial

In an essay on the *Limits of Culture* published sixty-five years ago Basil Gildersleeve wrote: "What we want is not less Latin and Greek, but less waste of time in learning, or pretending to learn, Latin and Greek. We want improved methods of teaching—and in order to get better methods we want better teachers. We want teachers who have a living and breathing knowledge of the language which they profess to teach; a knowledge which the learner can bathe in as well as drink. What constitutes the difficulty of acquiring Latin as compared with French, Greek as compared with German? Not merely the difference of antique conception and modern, not merely the difference between the order of words, not merely the more subtle modulation of the inflections—it is the lack of teachers thoroughly possessed of their subject, fervid in their love of the vocation, affluent in illustration, watchful, inventive—teachers that will force the scholar out of the apathetic humdrum of exercise book and grammar, now exacting a microscopic examination of the picture of antique life, now passing in rapid review the great characteristic outlines."

What earnest teacher of the classics does not feel that these words of one of the greatest of American humanists are as true today as they were in 1867? We believe that the ideas they express need constant stressing, because the survival of the classics as instruments of liberal culture is largely dependent upon the diffusion of such ideas amongst classical teachers, and their wider and fuller application in the classroom. And whilst quoting from Gildersleeve on the subject of teaching

Latin and Greek, we cannot refrain from calling attention to another passage of the same essay, which contains a useful warning to teachers in this age of unprecedented specialization.

"A man can be a classical scholar in a very good and high sense," says Gildersleeve, "without even a hearing acquaintance with Serenus Sammonicus or Didymus Chalcenterus. We cannot approve of spending any time whatever, except for some specific, professional purpose, in reading authors that would not be worth reading unless they were written in Latin or Greek. Away with Marcus Manilius, Valerius Flaccus, Silius Italicus and *tous ces garçons-là*, as Scaliger called them with deserved contempt; and we earnestly hope that professors of Latin do not generally deem themselves bound to read, as poor Addison considered himself bound to quote, these vapid productions, any more than a professor of English would esteem it his duty to go through, say, Glover's *Leonidas*."

Gildersleeve is nothing if not vigorous. But his vigor is not merely verbal; it enters into his thinking as well: and we shall find it worth our while even at the present day to ponder deeply some of his pedagogical ideas.

A communication sent us recently expresses the wish that the BULLETIN publish more pedagogical matter. Nine years ago, when this BULLETIN was inaugurated, several classical journals had been in the field for a long time, and two of these have ever since made a specialty of publishing hints concerning practical methods for direct use in the classroom. Naturally, we of the BULLETIN had no desire to enter into competition in this matter with existing publications. But even apart from this consideration, the value of publishing such hints may perhaps be questioned. Difficulties in the classroom are frequently due to particular conditions, and these conditions are rarely verified in other circumstances. Consequently, even when a device or method may have benefited its ingenious originator in dealing with his own class, it does not follow that it will have like success in different surroundings; for be the conditions in both cases as like as possible, the teacher at any rate is different, and thereby hangs success or failure. It is not the method that works the charm, but the teacher behind the method. It may also be urged that some teachers do not read pedagogical hints. They do not wish to be told in detail how to settle their problems. When a difficulty arises, they analyze it and apply a method of their own devising. Nor is the possession of a theory of teaching synonymous with success in teaching. The two things are separable. Professor Shorey, whose ability as a teacher will not be questioned, has recently told us that he never had any theory of teaching and, he added, "I taught about as well in the first year I taught as I have ever taught since. Great teaching is knowledge of the subject, then tact and insight into the mind of your student" (See CL. B. for Oct., p. 4). Furthermore, there are hints and hints. Writers best qualified to give us the benefit of their experiences in the classroom are those who can probe their personal

difficulties in the spirit of the philosopher: they go to the root of the evil; they argue *ex visceribus causae*; and while suggesting a remedy for a particular ailment, they take a wider sweep and give you a glimpse into the very mystery of language, or, it may be, of human nature itself. We hesitate, therefore, to load our pages—few enough, as they are—with bare statements of dry facts; but we most heartily welcome pedagogical hints of the more philosophical type.

Elsewhere in this BULLETIN one of our esteemed contributors waxes eloquent over a favorite theme of his. In the Middle Ages Latin was "in the air," and students of Latin would not only study Latin, but also study it *in* Latin. But, as our contributor points out, the introduction of Latin conversation into the classroom is not impossible, and by no means so difficult as it might appear to most of us. Here, as in other matters, it is the approach that offers difficulties; but we hope our readers will gain the impression from the article that even the approach—the outworks, as it were—can be mastered with a reasonable effort, and that this effort is eminently worthwhile. Speaking Latin in the classroom is not at all an educational fad—just one more added to the long list of fads already advocated or in vogue—but an accomplishment in which our teaching of Latin in the high school, if it is at all successful, must of necessity culminate. Here, then, is a subject pressed home to our high school teachers of Latin: teach your Latin in such a way that your teaching may flower out spontaneously in a living use of the Latin tongue.

In his life of Themistocles (25, 3), Plutarch relates that, when the general had fled from home and sailed for Asia, "much of his property was secretly abstracted for him by his friends and sent across the sea to Asia; but the sum total of that which was brought to light and confiscated amounted to one hundred talents, according to Theopompus,—Theophrastus says eighty,—and yet Themistocles did not possess the worth of three talents before he entered political life."—*Tout comme chez nous*.

Learning to Talk Latin

In the cultured Middle Ages every University student talked Latin. His text-books were in Latin; his lectures were in Latin; his examinations were in Latin. Latin was the *lingua franca* for all students from every country of Europe, as well as from Northern Africa and Asia Minor. At present, ability to talk Latin is a necessity only for the student in the Catholic theological seminary, because his text-books and lectures, his source-books and his examinations are in Latin.

Yet, why should not all our Latin classes, especially in College, be conducted in Latin? It was done a few hundred years ago; some few classes are doing it today. It would be a worthwhile achievement for all. However, without some exercises and practice devoted specifically to acquiring this power of speaking Latin, the attempt would prove a failure. In a college Latin class

some twenty years ago, of which I was a member, the professor, an excellent Latin and Greek scholar and an inspiring teacher, was the first to conduct his class in Latin. A few members of the class caught his enthusiasm, and soon spoke Latin freely; but the professor was gradually forced to abandon the practice, because he had to repeat nearly everything in English for the greater portion of the class.

The student who faces the problem of learning to talk Latin after completing his high school course, usually finds that after four years of hard work he cannot understand or take part in the simplest Latin conversation. Had he been wasting his time during those four years? Doesn't he really know any vocables, or forms, or syntax? Yet, he probably was among the best students in his class and was even placed among the winners in the Interscholastic Latin contest because of his ability in translating from English into Latin and from Latin into English. Granting all this and more, he is only a beginner in the art of talking Latin. He has been reading the printed page; he has yet to learn to catch the sounds by ear, quickly, accurately. He has been translating from that printed page into English; he must now stop translating and learn to associate the spoken Latin sounds directly with the idea. He has turned English passages into equivalent Latin idiom; he must learn to think his thoughts directly in Latin. The fact that he has studied Latin faithfully for four years will prove an immense help to him, once he has trained his ear to Latin sounds, and his mind to formulate his thoughts in Latin. Until he does, his previously acquired knowledge of Latin is like a padlocked treasure, or a disconnected electric battery. But it is a simple matter, and withal a pleasant task, to procure and turn the magic key, or to establish the connection.

The ear must be trained, then, first, to take in Latin sounds quickly and accurately and secondly, to associate with these sounds, not English words and phrases, but the ideas themselves. The first power is acquired by writing from dictation, preferably passages already familiar through previous study, and also by hearing such familiar passages read aloud to the class slowly, distinctly, with repetitions of difficult phrases. The teacher will be able to tell from the intelligent, or the blank and puzzled looks of the class, whether the phrases and sentences are understood or not, and will accordingly repeat some portions more than once, and, as a last resort, write some words on the blackboard.

These two exercises should train the class to understand spoken Latin, but will not of themselves enable the students to associate ideas rather than English words with these sounds. More than likely the class will be translating the Latin they hear into English in order to understand it. Hence, another exercise is needed to form the habit of associating the Latin sound directly with the thought. This exercise consists in conducting the ordinary class in Latin. After Latin prayers, "Claude januam, quaeso," "Aperi fenestram, sodes," or similar phrases accompanied by a gesture, will be

self-explanatory. With text-book in hand, "Aperite libros pagina . . ."—you may need to write the numerals on the blackboard at first—"Domine N. N., verte primam partem Anglice; de quanam re loquitur auctor in hac parte?" "Quaenam sunt partes principales verbi . . . ?" "Cur est . . . in casu genetivo?" etc. etc. In a short time practically all questions, directions and explanations given in Latin slowly and distinctly, will be readily understood. At the beginning, the class will translate the phrases into English; soon, unconsciously, the English intermediary will drop out, and the Latin phrase will become directly associated with the thought.

The time is ripe for the next stage. The students have been supplying meanings of unknown or not well heard words from the context and the circumstances. Growth in this power must be stimulated. Describing their daily actions in simple Latin, telling them incidents and stories, for example, from the Old or New Testament, proves eminently helpful. They are not, of course, to be called upon to repeat the incidents or the narratives in English: this would bring them back to the translation process. Rather, by listening with interest to Latin whose meaning they can readily grasp, they are accustoming themselves gradually to think in Latin, and are learning Latin phrases whose first associations are with thought rather than with English.

So far not a word has been said about how to talk in Latin; it has all been about understanding Latin spoken. It is quite possible for one to be able to understand an hour's lecture in Latin, yet be unable to ask a simple Latin question. Yet, listening to Latin spoken, in as far as it begets acquaintance with Latin conversational phrases, and especially as it implants habits of thinking in Latin, is an excellent preparation for speaking Latin.

Direct preparation for talking Latin readily must train to think and express thoughts in Latin without the intermediary of English. The thing, the object, the thought, must spontaneously evoke the Latin equivalent. This power can be acquired, first, by associating Latin words with object or action directly, and not through the English word, e. g., mensa, fenestra, liber; scribo, ambulo, curro, surgo; haec tabula est nigra, illa charta est alba; ego, vos, isti; etc. etc. Secondly, by formulating simple questions which require only a single change in the answer. Thus, e. g. "Studuistine linguae latinae hoc mane?" "Studui linguae latinae hoc mane." Furthermore, the same questions can be put in a variety of forms with different question words:—"quamdiu, ubi, quando, cur, quomodo—linguae latinae studuisti?" By such a process the English "thought" drops out of even subconscious use, and the idea is associated with the Latin word. Similar easy questions can be formulated on any author read in class, on etymology, syntax, principal parts of verbs. The answer should repeat the words of the question with the necessary change, and this change should at first be restricted to a single word. Thirdly, this power can be acquired by thinking of ordinary daily actions in Latin: "Surgō e

lectulo mane hora quinta, labor, preces matutinas dico, jentaculum sumo; lego librum; non te intellego, etc." These bare statements can be gradually amplified by adding adverbs, adjectives, expressions of time, place, manner, etc. Such work can be very profitably continued by assigning original compositions on daily duties and experiences.

Parataxis has probably characterized the work thus far. The class now feels the need of subordinate clauses to express its ideas adequately. Not many such clauses are needed to carry on an ordinary conversation or narrate daily experiences. The indirect question, the accusative with the infinite, the object clause and the purpose clause, the simplest forms of the relative, temporal, and conditional clauses, will be more than sufficient. The teacher can introduce them into his question forms, which the pupils repeat in their answers. "Dic mihi quid velis facere?" "Licetne mihi hoc agere?" "Suadesne illi ut hoc faciat?" For practice, the form of each such question can be changed in a dozen different ways by modifying the tense, person, or number of the verb, or the interrogative pronoun or adverb.

For accuracy, check-up, and further practice, writing, if not strictly necessary, is very helpful. Thus after a few oral answers, the entire class may write the answers, which the teacher later corrects. Then the class can be taught to formulate questions in writing on an assigned portion of the class author, or on one of the daily occupations. Class members in groups of three or four, can then quizz one another. Not only the teacher, but the members of each group as well, must at first pronounce the Latin question rather slowly, and repeat a second and third time, rather than translate the question into English.

Much practice, keeping the questions simple enough to give the class the sense of power and of self-confidence, are the means to success. The final stage is reached when the class is able to give in clear and correct, though simple, Latin, original (written and oral) accounts of daily happenings, and summaries of longer narratives.

After a few months of such work, the entire Latin and Greek classes can be carried on in Latin. And if the class becomes so enthusiastic about its success as to talk Latin voluntarily outside of class, then the goal is attained. Then, too, to the classical student, the sonorous Latin of Virgil, Cicero, Horace, Tacitus, Livy, Plautus, as well as of Ambrose and Augustine, will be charged with a fulness of meaning and connotation, and emotional appeal, hitherto unsuspected. The seminarian will be ready for the Latin lecture in philosophy and theology, for conducting a "circle" or a public disputation in Latin, for giving a good account of himself in the final oral Latin examinations; he will also be ready to go to any foreign country to continue his philosophical and theological studies. He is master of an actual world language.

Florissant, Mo.

ALPHONSE M. ZAMIARA, S. J.

Lucida Sidera(Horace, *Odes*, I 3)

"I had rather have a good symbol of my thought or a good analogy than the suffrage of Plato or Kant."—Emerson.

One, just one happy symbol is enough for the day; for who with that one cannot be off on the wings of morning soaring to lands unseen!

You have in your class, let's say, two pupils, John and James. You have, to be sure, more than this—many more in reality; but for brevity's sake we may well limit ourselves. Besides, John and James do form your class in many a decided way. They constitute, so to speak, its soul, are its informing principle. As John and James go, so goes your class. In respect to it they are like twin peaks towering over a farflung valley; and you find yourself over and over again addressing yourself to them. But you comfort yourself readily. The valley, after all, cannot help hearing what is addressed to the mountain-tops.

In common with most twins, John and James are distinctly unlike. John is—well, John; and James is just as decidedly James. Whereas John is a joy to your literary heart, James is a balm to your grammatic spirit. The reasons for the differences in the two are fundamental, and, like original sin, in the roots of things. John, you have come to realize is an idealist, almost, you feel, a dreamer. Literature is to him a thing of wonder. He does not have to reach out with groping grasp to embrace it; it comes to him at his bidding. His mind is singularly adapted to the task of piercing through the hard complexity of words and phrases to the hidden meanings and beauty lying beneath. It is otherwise with James. James is a literalist. Should you chance to tell him that two and two are four, he would be almost certain to inquire, "Four what?" and insist on an answer. The idea of four "nothings" is repugnant to his way of thinking. James is hard-headed to a degree.

John is what most teachers would call a capable boy; James would be termed brilliant. John has, you might say, the mark of intelligence upon him; his mind a bit slow-moving, perhaps, but comprehensive in its grasp and lightened wonderfully by an agile, ever-present imagination. James's mental powers are quick, keen, clear-cut, with none of the nonsense of the poetic about them. James is a man of facts and acts, one for whom the "hic et nunc"—the factual and actual—hold the chiefest, if not the only, appeal. James, in a word, is brilliant, indeed, but wholly and sadly unimaginative.

In an idle moment you permit yourself the luxury of a day-dream. You peer inquisitively into the future. John, you seem to see (if the mood ever seizes him and the proper development takes place within him), will write a book some day, a book of haunting beauty, of understanding and sympathy, a book of ideals and sentiments, to soothe the heart, weary of a too oppressively materialistic world. James, too, may write a book; but if he does, it will be a book of a different order—a book of facts, a dictionary, say, or a searching study of

some remote grammatical construction hidden in the depths of some still more remote author.

You shake yourself out of your day-dream. For your own part, the point to consider is the manipulation of these two diverse characters. Somewhere along the course of your training you have heard it whispered (ever so softly and with the admonition that the thing be told not in Gath nor sounded in the streets of Ascalon!) that the teaching of the classics is a matter only too often badly attended to; that the literary side of the classics, particularly, has at times been sadly neglected. "I must not fall into such an error," you admonish yourself. And so forewarned, you arm yourself for the task of making Vergil, Horace, and the rest more than the weary, arid wastes of dusty technicalities that they may easily become.

You are, let us suppose, in the throes of presenting the *Odes* of Horace to your class. Some fine day, then, you take up your Horace and break into lyric utterance, opening now this, now that magic gate to wonderlands of beauty lying behind and beyond the cramped compass of mere words. The effects upon John and James are marvellous to behold.

John's eyes are aglow with "the light that never was on sea or land." He has followed you with enthusiasm, step by step, and has gone (you surmise) beyond even the far limits of the lands to which you have introduced him. He is

All stem, all lily
And no soil;
All taper, all flame,
And no oil.

He is like pure spirit at work.

James has followed you, too, but differently. There is no glow in his eye. His look is of one who would say, "Oh, yes, I see where you have led, but frankly, I don't like the country." You have instructed him, perhaps; but moved him? Well, hardly! There is about James at this juncture a Didonian hardness of countenance.

Nec magis incepto vultum sermone movetur
Quam si dura silex aut stet Marpesia cautes.

You are reminded of "the huge rock, that many men together could not have stirred." He smiles pleasantly at you but you know that the chords of sympathy have not been touched.

You sigh in disappointment, and the next day direct the bark of your efforts to other shores—the land of stern fact, of solid, sure reality. Literature, you tell yourself, is, when all is said and done, more than a mere matter of beauty, and the teaching of it more than a simple affair of throwing back golden doors opening into magic lands of wonder. There is the hard, tangled skein of words to be unravelled, the syntactical complexity of a difficult language to be pierced and seen through before the magnificent vision of the poet will rise before the eye. You must climb the mount painstakingly before you can stand lost in wonder "silent upon a peak in Darien." Accordingly, you put

aside your lyric flights of yesterday and roll up your sleeves to the stern task of grinding grist in the grammatical mill. Gerunds, accusatives with infinitives, ablative-absolutes are all taken up and dealt with relentlessly. You wax enthusiastic as you progress. Then you look once more to see what the effect has been.

This time it is James whom you have awakened. His dark eyes are snapping with vigor. "That," he seems to be saying, "is what I call something like it." You have touched, it seems, just the spot for James.

But as you turn to John, you know that all is not well. "Quanto mutatus," you murmur to yourself. The glow of yesterday is gone. For John, the leaves have fallen from the day, and the sun has been darkened over the land that was so fair. "You've ruined everything," his eyes tell you reproachfully. And so you have—for him. But haven't you, perhaps, done well?

This time when you sigh, it is with satisfaction. Your path now is clear. Both John and James need moulding and developing. In each, along with a fine, high quality of mind is a singular and positive lack. Your task is to meet and supply that lack.

And so, patiently from day to day and from week to week you labor at your appointed task. "Inde datum molitur iter." John, you have decided, must be moulded along special lines. He must be made to see that literary training is more than simply a matter of conjuring up lovely scenes of pools, limpid in the moonlight and meadows all a-quiver under a soothing sun. Deep literary beauty, he must learn, is almost as much a matter of muscle and sinew as of lovely outward form. James, contrariwise, must be brought to the understanding that literary masterpieces are far from being grasped when words are parsed ever so carefully, and constructions seen through with complete clarity. The beauty of the poet's vision, he must come to see, is, after all, a thing to be gazed upon with reverence and tasted with the powers of appreciation. "Else," you tell him, "the land of literature is a barren one indeed—a land bristling with harsh blunt reeds and never a flower or tree to grace the scene."

You toil faithfully, as has been said, and when the year is out and you open your Horace, say, on the final day of class, there is a current of contentment running silently in your heart. For as you look out over your class, you see or think you see that you have accomplished something of what you set yourself to do. James no longer stands like hard flint or Marpesian marble when you hold up visions of beauty for his greater delectation. There is a softer look in his eye, telling of a softening of something deeper within—something that has mellowed, you flatter yourself, under your patient touch. John no longer looks pained when you begin unravelling hard skeins of words and phrases into straight lines of clear thought. He has come to see that mere outward beauty is not all; that hard, clear thoughts have a distinct place in a world that is, to say the least, as much founded on fact as on beauty.

With a glad heart, then, you begin your final ode. You have reserved it designedly till this hour. *Exegi*

monumentum aere perennius, you read, and it sounds like a paean of victory. You, too, have raised your monument and it will endure.

Milford, Ohio

C. A. BURNS, S. J.

De Casibus Ripii Vinkelii II

Constat autem inter omnes Ripium earum in primis fuisse pagi matronis, quae, ut sexus blandioris mos est, in quibusvis iurgiis domesticis ei aderant, atque cum sub vesperum de iis rebus inter se garrirent, culpam omnem in dominam Vinkeliā nunquam non conferebant. Pueri quoque pagi, cum ille appropinquaverat, gaudio elati conclamabant; solebat enim et ludis eorum interesse, et instrumenta lusoria fabricari, et milvos papyraceos docere sublime tollere globulisve marmoreis inter se certare, atque longas de larvis, magis, Indis narrare fabulas. Per pagum vagantem turba puerorum circumsistebat, quorum alii per dorsum eius enitebantur, alii sescentis modis impune eum illudebant; neque ullus ex tota vicinitate canis eum latrabat.

Sed magno naturae vitio Ripius illo laborabat, quod a quolibet labore utili summopere abhorrebat. Cuius rei causa non in eo sita erat, quod diligentia careret aut constantia; nam in saxo umido sedens, arundinem longitudine ac pondere hastae Tartaricae similem manu tenens, solidum diem sine ulla querela piscari solebat, quamvis nullis piseum morsibus alliceretur. Per silvas etiam et paludes, per aecivia decliviaque ambulans, ballistam venatoriam complures continentes horas humero gestabat, si forte seiuros vel palumbes posset deicere. Nunquam recusabat, quin vicinum aliquem vel in maxime arduis laboribus adiuveret; in certaminibus rusticis, vel frumenti Indici deglubendi vel maeeriarum in altum ducendarum, primas semper ferebat. Matronae quoque vici, ad negotia procuranda aliaque levicula munera persolvenda, quippe quae mariti minus faciles recusarent, Ripii opera utebantur. Denique, ut verbo dicam, ad cuiusvis negotia praeter sua ipsius agenda paratus erat; domestica vero officia exsequi suique praedi curam gerere plane non poterat.

Enimvero frustra agrum suum coli affirmabat; improbiusimum esse tota illa regione; omnia in eo pessum ire, atque, quamvis ipse obniteretur, pessum itura esse. Ac re vera saepta eius continenter dissolvebantur; vaccae vel a via errabant vel inter olera sese immittebant; herbae inutiles in eius agro maturius quam in aliis crescebant; pluvia semper eo ipso tempore ingruiebat, quo aliquid operis extra domum perficiendum erat. Quam ob rem, etsi fundus avitus, Ripio administrante, ita per singula iugera dilapsus erat, ut vix modulus frumenti Indici vel tuborum relinqueretur, erat certe tota regione deterrimus.

Praeterea, liberi eius tam erant pannosi et agrestes ac si patre omnino carerent. Ripius filius, quem pusionem pater ad similitudinem suam procreaverat, mores quoque ac vestem se per successionem a patre accepturum esse portendebat. Eum plerumque videre erat ut hinnulum matrem pone sequentem, bracia a patre repudiatis indutum, quas, more matronae elegantis syrnam sub caelo pluvio portantis, altera manu vix sustinebat.

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